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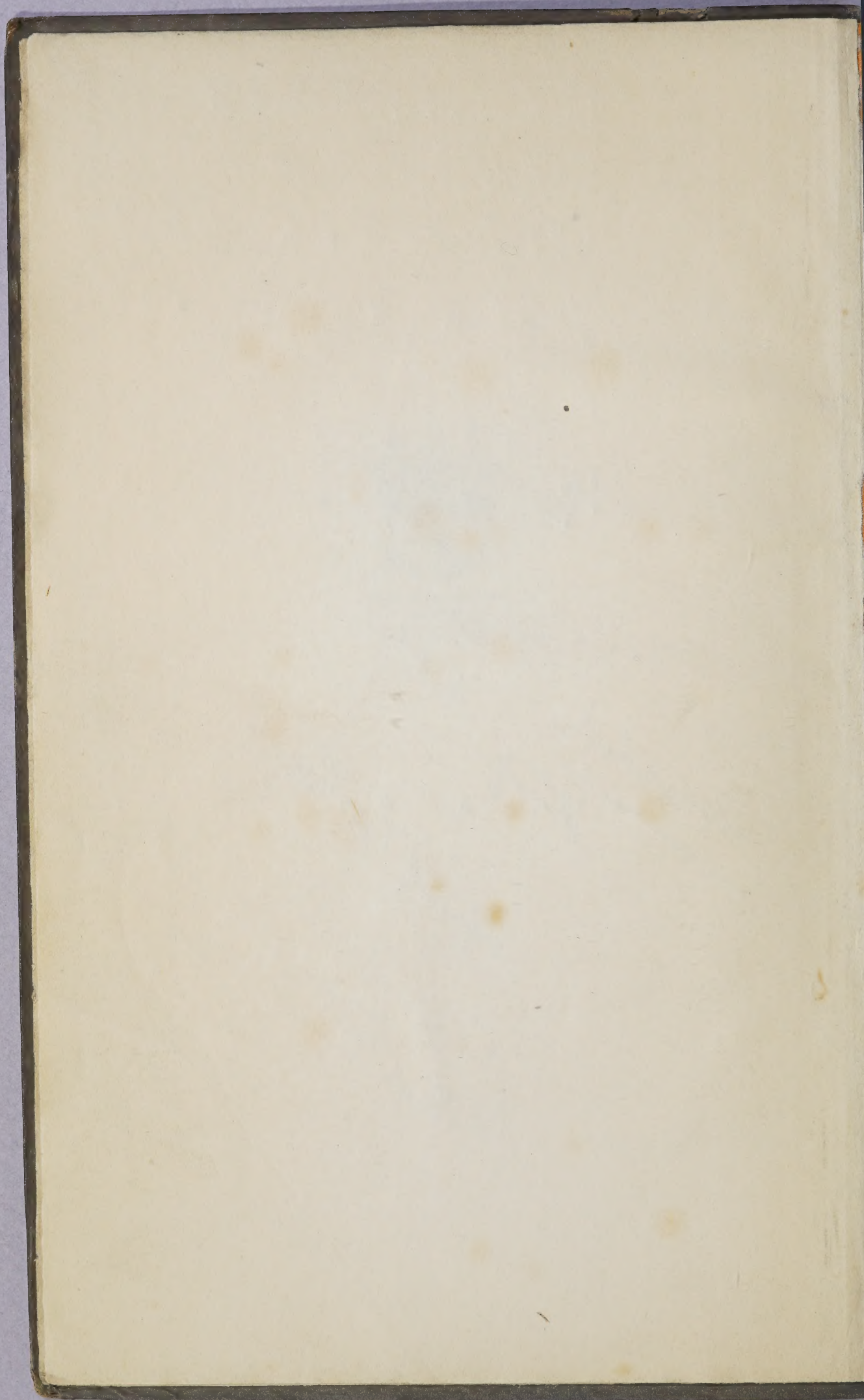
John Carter Brown
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An unopened
copy of an
American War
poem - very rare.

hp -

unrecorded Act
Plan to
Capt. Boston

Further work in ADB



THE
CONTEST,

A POEM,

IN TWO PARTS.

By JAMES OGDEN.

NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE:

Printed by T. ROBSON and Co. MDCCLXXVI.

RPJCB

THE CONTEST.

PART I.

THE Man's ambition, Muse, adven'trous sing,
Who in his fetters leads a captive King;
With Senates brib'd, to vote just as he nods,
Sets Britain and her Colonies at odds;
Yet meanly truck'ling both to France and Spain,
A Brunswick like a Stuart taught to reign.

Genius of Britain! thou the three Estates
Hast kept entire as twisted by the Fates;
Whether Republicans like Vandals rude
Set up the many-headed multitude;
Or if prerogative advanc'd o'er law,
With mercenary troops, would Senates awe;
If lordly peers the venal Boroughs fill,
Controuling King and Commons at their will;
Assist me in this arduous enterprize!
Bold in the truth, her foes to stigmatize;

Touch

Touch merely human faults with lenient hand,
 But on the public villain fix a brand:
 By which in future times he may be known
 Tho now conceal'd he sculks behind the throne.

Say Muse, when France was now reduc'd to
 treat,

What could the pleasing hopes of peace defeat?
 The patriot Statesman of deceit aware,
 Deals with her subtil Envoy on the square,
 Proposes now—now hears what they propose;
 Buffly thro' all his doubles follow'd close
 Varies to no effect his tortuous train
 Urging the insolent demands of Spain.

Now given up to shuffle and intrigue,
 With haughty Spain, France form'd the
 Bourbon-league.

Instant the Patriots active soul was fir'd
 With all that firmness which the case requir'd
 He saw and trac'd the project to it's springs,
 For gold unlocks the cabinets of Kings;
 Anxious he ruminates what course to steer,
 But dreads the influence of the Fav'rite Peer,
 Known by his dark cabals at Leister house,
 Which meanly could Sir Simeon's cause espouse.

Ready

Ready all favours to monopolize,
So ill the Peer his rancour could disguise,
That scarce his pupil sov'reign was proclaim'd
E're he so well accomplish'd what he aim'd,
That Legge was from his offices dismiss'd
Because he durst a Stuart's will resist.

Proud and ambitious, even Cawdor's Thane
Wish'd not with more avidity to reign:
Not brave like him, from danger he retreats,
Practic'd throughout in Machivalian feats;
Weak as the first, or as the second James,
Loving and hating, ever in extremes;
Cruel and bigoted and obstinate;
Alas! if Heav'n to scourge the British state,
Suffers that ferment in the human mass
From fire on fire successively to pass,
Till we should see it's virulence take place
In any chief of Brunswick's Princely race.

With such reflections Pitt the night had spent,
Anxious, and on the public weal intent;
Like cares by night the Patriot peer possess'd,
Like fortitude steel'd either's manly breast:
Congenial souls, they with one purpose mov'd,
Loving their country, and as well belov'd.

Scarce

Scarce Morn Augusta's far-seen tow'rs disclos'd
E'er each to each his firm resolve propos'd
To urge at council, in the present streight,
What steps might best the Bourbon league defeat

Alike the fav'rite Peer no rest could take,
Envy and rancour kept him still awake;
That a Plebeian's influence should thwart
His future schemes contriv'd with so much art;
Holding the maxim to divide and rule,
For ev'ry man with him, is knave or fool,
Dissentions he begins to propagate,
And first embroils the household, then the state,
A kitchen cabinet he then erects,
Of which each Scullion feels the dire effects;
Frugal in semblance, but a transient view,
May trace his mean intention thro' and thro'
The open and the honest to displace,
And substitute his Clans, a needy race,
Numbers, who hasten to besiege the throne,
When once his baneful influence is known.

The son of Jenkins knew his secrets all,
And now attends obsequious at his call,
Of those five wretched clerks the master tool,
Destin'd o'er this devoted land to rule,

When

When Tories from the closet long proserib'd,
The Whigs at last, out-bully'd and out-brib'd
To scourge a guilty Land—so Heav'n ordains,
When Britain's Rehoboam holds the reins.

Well, Jenkin's son, said the ambitious Thane,
Things prosper well in this auspicious reign,
The household and the closet are secur'd
But this Dictator, must not be endur'd;
His Genius I confess mine overawes,
But shall a base plebeian give us laws,
We who were born to do unheard of things,
Kings from our house descend, not we from kings
Nor will we, while the fatal stone lies there,
Confine our views to aught save Edward's chair.

Yet with submission, Jenkin's son replies,
I think you act too long in this disguise,
Assume the Premier, for e'er long you must,
And raise your friends to offices of trust :
Soon will the Patriot's insolence subside,
With Legge's disgrace so lately mortifi'd
Self-consequent, he feels at ev'ry pore,
Soon, like a bull the Demagogue must roar,
And will e'er long, or I have lost my aim,
By one rash movement, throw us up the game.

But

But let us be reserv'd, the peer replies,
And watch such circumstances, as they rise:
For wary generals their plans conceal,
Till on their foes they unaware may steal,
The mine should not be guess'd at, till it springs
For great affairs depend on little things:
His haughty soul would scorn an offer'd bribe,
Ah could we mark him with the pension'd tribe
Soon he would find the fickle foolish crowd,
Who to their Tribune like an idol bow'd;
Bawling unyok'd his steeds, to drag his carr,
And magnify'd his conduct in the war,
Would to the opposite opinion veer,
And like Actæon's hounds their master tear.
But he at present is so well belov'd,
It would be wrong to have him soon remov'd:
It's better still to keep him in the seat,
Yet let us blacken him, at any rate:
This German war, maintain'd at an expence
Shocking to policy and common sense:
For which he has such predilection shown,
And by avowing wholly made his own,
If rightly I conjecture, with it's weight,
Will sink him, when his pride is at the height.

Your

Your Lordship, said the cunning sychophant,
Has nam'd the very thing, 'tis all we want, —
Let him with this from ev'ry press be ply'd
The strength of argument is on your side:
Writers we have, and some of note, I think,
Who for a sum with gall would charge their ink
Some few retain'd, might influence the trade,
More volunteers would lend their ready aid.
Till all the rout of hungry garreteers,
Would write him mad with Grubstreet at his ears.

Conferring thus, they shew'd their mutual
spight,

Aurora then unbar'd the gates of light:
When scarce glad morn the promis'd day restor'd
E'er pressing orders from the Council-board
Cite all concern'd the Sov'reign to attend,
Matters of high importance, there depend.

The Council met, when, op'ning the debate,
Slow rose the Patriot-pilot of the state:
Importance in his look, but ill at ease,
From frequent visits of acute disease;
Forward he leans, yet taller than the rest:
Pregnant with sense, these words his mind ex-
press'd.

B

For

For your attention, Sov'reign, let me bend,
As well this honour'd board —attention lend,
Single in judgement I may seem to stand,
But what the present juncture may demand
Requires our utmost —We negotiate,
For little purpose, with a faithless state:
Their subtil Envoy was not hither sent
To treat of peace for any good intent;
Some are too coveteus, and some are weak,
I love my country, what I think, I speak,
And pregnant reasons —what I speak I know,
Mask with vile arts the malice of a foe;
Arts more mischievous as they less appear,
Notice not proper to be mention'd here,
Puts it past doubt our hopes of peace are vain,
War I advise, immediate War —with Spain.

The noble Keeper, rising to support
His Kinsman's motion said, that restless Court
Which has so much our happy state embroil'd,
Now joins with Spain in projects yet more wild,
Of this undoubted notices transpire,
But how procur'd is needless to enquire,
For what the Spaniard has already done,
Facts still avow'd and glaring to the sun,

The

The Flag insulted and the prize detain'd,
Of which the owners fruitless have complain'd,
Call for resentment, more than what seems meant
For action ripe—War only can prevent.

Half answers best half-hinted measures suit,
The Fav'rite Peer reply'd, without dispute
Great Statesmen see with more than vulgar eyes;
But take my sentiments I scorn disguise,
Shall men, already grown too popular,
Now plunge the nation in another war,
Their great importance hence to raise supplies,
No doubt 'tis here the mighty secret lies;
But let their reasons to the Board appear,
If one must dictate—all at least may hear.

Thus he, still certain of the Royal ear;
Now bustling rose the money-loving Peer—
A Spanish war when all the funds are drain'd,
How shall the fleets and armies be maintain'd,
Expecting peace, while ev'ry person buys,
Stocks have kept rising and they yet may rise,
But none will purchase if with Spain we break;
Some nothing risque—but I have all at stake.

Digesting ill what taunts the other flung,
Here rose the Patriot with resentment stung;

It's

It's well observ'd your Grace, but we suppose
Others have all—as well as you to lose—
If poor—my poverty I'm proud to own,
And plead my humble service to the throne—
When ne'er a purse-proud peer in all the realm,
Durst undertake the charge—I took the helm—
Successful measures have my zeal approv'd,
Nor of a gratefull people unbelov'd—
'Tis them I serve, on me they have rely'd—
Measures no longer mine, let who will guide.

Swell then and burst—the fav'rite peer reply'd—
We have without your help, the helm to guide,
This overbearing rank sedition breeds—
Our State no Tribunes of the people needs—
What ruin'd Athens heretofore—and Rome?
Some o'er their equals would the pow'r assume—
Let this—nay let your own experience teach,
Who grasp too much, themselves may over-reach
Then bear less bravely the Dictatorship—
Lest your firm foot should chance to get a slip—
And had you Cæsar's mighty spirit here,
The Laws may check you in your mad career.

Rever'd those Laws, no more the quarrel mine,
I rest it with the people and resign—

Digest

Digest that lumber of a learned brain,
Read men, as well as books—Are you so vain
Before you find the trim, to carry sail;
Why man, you'll be the sport of ev'ry gale:
This for your good, if not too proud to learn—
A Pedant's depth we readily discern—
But mark my words—with Spain your'e sure
to break—

Be warn'd in time and proper measures take.

The Patriot thus, and on the fav'rite scowl'd—
Who in the royal presence growing bold,
No measures kept, the more to urge his zeal;
But thus, in bitter taunts, began to rail,
Thou Demagogue nurs'd up in Faction's school
Must such a one the council over rule—
Go dictate to the mob thy foul-mouth'd slaves
And dig in Germany our vet'ran's graves—
There pay subsidies to each petty court,
The Prussian's mad ambition to support;
'Tis strange the Nation's treasure and her blood,
Are lavish'd thus, to please his fighting mood—
That Quixot gen'als, marching at his call,
May be immortaliz'd for risking all;
Shall such men's pow'r be more extended yet,
To plunge the Nation deeper still in debt;

We

We rather should change hands, for all agree—
Nought will avail but strict Oeconomy;
Should all the Council in this motion join,
To peace with Spain the Sov'reign would incline
And those on whom the management devolves,
So far from joining in such rash resolves,
Must think of making Peace, for take my word,
Ruin impends— unless we sheathe the sword.

O vers'd in low intrigue; the Patriot cries,
I knew his pride my counsel would despise;
Continue in the kitchen to dictate—
Heav'n shield us should he tamper with the state,
His narrow views to form a court-cabal,
Can take in objects, howsoever small;
But what regards a weighty Enterprize;
Beyond his shallow comprehension lies—
Here whatsoever purpose men intend,
The means must be proportion'd to the end,
Full many a time the purpose we compleat
By means which seem our measure to defeat;
Nor think I here a paradox advance;
This German war at last will ruin France;
Her strength is there exhausted, past retrieve,
While Canada's reduction we atchieve.

Bri.

Britain for this the Prussian yet supports,
Against the rage of three intriguing Courts,
Nay, must support, if rightly I divine,
When Spain in the confed'racy shall join;
Hist'ry he reads, but reads to no effect——
What gain'd the Roman people such respect?
That nation, when their all was at the stake,
On no account would their Allies forsake;
But kept their Faith entire with other States,
When Hannibal was hov'ring at their gates——
This shew'd their public-spirit and good sense,
Tho' some can with these qualities dispence——
But are there men so wicked or so weak,
The public-faith in Treaties pledg'd to break,
If by a hasty or inglorious peace,
They should our Councils and our arms disgrace
The people's vengeance their vile heads shall reach,
Or I'll stand bound the villains to impeach.

Thus he, with voice and action vehement,
Gave to his honest indignation vent;
Viewing the peer askance with scornfull eyes,
As when a Prince his mortal foe defies:
Pride mark'd the other's brow and high disdain,
Who pale with rage, prepar'd to speak again——

When

When in the deadly Feud to interpose,
Newcastle, now with age grown rev'rend rose,
Honour'd and lov'd, none with a better grace
Confer'd a favour, or refus'd a place;
Made and translated Bishop, Boroughs bought,
But for himself good soul provided nought;
When those he rais'd, scarce recollect his Grace
Without a pension and without a Place.

What heats are these he said, you're both to
blame,
This sacred presence some respect might claim,
Your motion Sir is too precipitate;
Commence a War and not negotiate——
By this we might find out a proper mean
Affairs to settle, and keep well with Spain:
Bussy propos'd it——Bussy was polite,
And well dispos'd to set that matter right;
But you on nice Punctilios would insist,
And in a pet, that bus'ness was dismiss'd;
Mankind are fallible it is confess'd,
Herein no doubt he acted for the best,
My Lord, you're quite too warm in this debate,
We own his services are truly great:
Suppose him popular——I can produce
Undoubted facts where this has had it's use,

You

You talk of faction, hear an old man's tale,
I've seen when Faction could unlicens'd rail;
A Borough slighted, or a place refus'd;
The ministry was sure to be abus'd;
Disputes of Whig, and Tory then ran high,
Known Jacobites and Papists join'd the cry.
Then, in tempestuous times I steer'd the State,
Gave entertainments, and full many a treat;
Made splendid feasts, to settle matters right;
Bustling by day, and restless all the night,
Weary'd to death, yet forc'd at my Levees,
To bow and scrape, and nod, and wink, and
squeeze.

The House to manage ask'd our utmost care—
Heav'n knows we never wanted grumblers there,
Rapacious rogues, whose promise stood for
nought—

Their votes, on each occasion must be bought.
The press with scandal groan'd, while Garreteers
Kept up the peoples jealousies and fears.
Stock-jobbers too invented monstrous lies,
That stock, to serve their views might fall or rise,
Which, frequently would baffle all our care,
To raise Supplies within the current year;
My ample Patrimony then was spent—
I grudg'd it not to serve the Government—

C

What

What troubles for my country I have born!
See this shrunk skin, with age and bus'ness worn;
Now, I am but the shadow of a man—
Yet will I serve my country while I can;
And therefore he who well his country serves,
Shall have from me the praise his worth deserves;
I saw his Genius for employment turn'd,
And gave it range nor his assistance spurn'd:
War his department, in the war he shines,
Chiefly to that his talent he confines,
And scarce will those advantages embrace
Which office might command, to give a place:
Firm rooted in the People's confidence;
Whate'er he schemes, they grudge at no expence,
And sums which others never thought to raise,
He can into th' Exchequer bring with ease;
'Tis to his happy managment alone,
Party-distinctions are no longer known—
Will you revive them by this fierce debate,
And of his services deprive the State——
This would again call up the people's fears,
Better a nest of hornets in your ears—
Then act in concert, I advise you both,
Either to lose the Sov'reign would be loth.

Yes,

Yes, was he not so proud and positive —
Must we his words as oracles receive —
The Fav'rite thus—to whom the Patriot, stern,
I know your pride, and all your arts discern —
Go—with your confidants, beset the throne ;
The royal favours share with them alone —
My well-meant zeal no longer shall offend ;
I'll quit the Helm—here, let the contest end.

Silent he sat, his choler to digest,
Concern and wonder stupified the rest.
In haste, to check their rage, the Council rose,
Resolving nothing farther to propose.
And Pitt enrag'd, the helm directly quits,
Since to his honest Counsel none submits :
Rumour bestirs herself the news to spread,
Each subtil politician shakes his head ;
Grave aldermen the next removals fix,
While porters, o'er their beer, talk Politics.
Nor wanted those who entertain'd the thought,
A Pension had his public-spirit bought.

Shame to free states that men in ev'ry age,
Whose great exploits have grac'd historic page ;
By their own citizens should be abus'd,
Their actions censur'd and their names traduc'd !

Let

Let Scriblers rail, who write but to be fed,
It's their Employment, and they must have bread,
Each wretch, whose sole self-int'rest is his view,
May propagate the Lye he wishes true;
But are there any Candidates for Fame—
Men who can glory in the patriot's name,
Who, mad with Politics and party-zeal,
Rail in their turns, or laugh when others rail,
Encourage authors, or their pens employ
In Paragraphs, to foist the low-bred lie,
To point out them, be each true Briton's task,
Held up to public scorn, without a mask.

Vainly all arts to blacken, Scandal tries—
Pitt's character, must yet superior rise!
Virtue, in trials, suffers little loss,
As precious metals fus'd, but cast their dross;
Truth scorns the subterfuge of borrow'd light;
His Country's love, the Patriot shall requite,
Active in ev'ry charge which that requires,
And, if oppos'd, superior he retires;
Yet prompt to serve when Britain's int'rest calls,
Nor forms, nor will submit to Court-cabals.

C O N T E S T.

P A R T II.

Establish'd in full pow'r, beyond dispute,
Courtiers now worship at the shrine of Bute;
Not with more reverence, the gazing crowd
To that Assyrian tyrant's Image bow'd!
His worshipers the Babylonian king,
Regal'd, with symphonies of pipe and string;
The musick here, was one dull monotone,
Harsh and discordant from a bagpipe drone,
Mean while the chanter play'd, with mickle glee,
Dull descants still upon œconomy;
Each scullion in the kitchen caught the word,
Each runner to an office ap'd my Lord;
No sense affix'd, as parrots learn by rote,
Mere sounds; they echoed round the screech-owl
note.

Time only, which discovers secret things,
Tracing each action to it's hidden springs,

Will

Will give, perhaps, in some succeeding reign,
 The requisites it's sense to ascertain—
 In this it proves, to speak in confidence,
 Large debts, short-commons and increas'd expence.

Reserv'd at first and cunning to conceal
 That pow'r, which those who will dispute must
 feel ;

Few hands are chang'd and little bustle made,
 Till the great out-lines of his plan are laid ;
 When Jacobites, in whom he can confide,
 May take the lead—and set the Whigs aside.

Sir Francis, ne'er his principles disguis'd,
 And had himself at Oxford signaliz'd
 As Chancellor, he could not have employ'd,
 One more notoriously be-torified.

To alter Records, and such dirty work—
 Jeffries, with heart unfeeling as a Turk,
 Could at the Constitution aim his dirk—
 Artful, to wriggle in his num'rous Clan—
 Known Jacobites and Tories to a man.

Peg Trentham next—the very same who ran
 That sweep-stakes match at Westminster with
 Van.

For

For Charley's friends, where he keeps open house
A long time since had fix'd their rendezvouze.

The son of Jenkins, whom his foes must grant
To be a most compleat court-fychophant—
A supple flock, of Flimlap's fawning tribe,
Was dub'd the Minion's confidential scribe.
These his prime tools, and of the cabinet;
Others for all work, had their parts to get—
But seldom got a peep behind the scenes
To see the wheels which govern'd his machines.

But he who lately, at the Council-board,
The nation's loss of blood and wealth deplor'd,
Unable, as unwilling, to uphold
That Spanish war the Patriot had foretold—
Not only must with France and Spain contend—
But more—to Portugal assistance send—
This, from the Junto, had so ill a grace;
That all their hopes were center'd in a peace—
While Britain's triumphs kept their usual train,
And troops which humbled Gallia—conquer'd
Spain;
Who should in justice, from her mines immense
Have reimburs'd the nation's vast expence.

Not

Not so the Minion and his Junto held—
 To make a hasty peace, by force compell'd.
 Not so, Stock-jobbers—in the Alley deep,
 Who wish'd but till a peace their stock to keep;
 Those too, who lands in British isles possess'd
 To cede the conquer'd islands thought it best—
 O'er-glutted markets these had cause to fear—
 No wonder Beckford was a courtier here.

Posted to France the money-loving Duke—
 Here Nivernois—the business undertook—
 Each his instructions punctually pursued
 To push a treaty—and the peace conclude;
 That hence the Minion might, with greater ease,
 Perfect his schemes and keep his friends in place.

But evil deeds, ill bear the test of light—
 Behind the curtain sneaking out of sight,
 He substitutes, as Viceroy, in his place
 That recreant sprout, of great-soul'd Grenvilles
 race;

Bustling and busy—future times shall hear,
 Struck with amaze, of such a Financier—
 Who for a pepper-corn—suppose him right—
 Could Britain's happy Empire disunite—
 Suppose him wrong—what guilt lies on his head
 For blood, which in the contest may be shed.

Fond

Fond of new taxes—ever apt to force
 Establish'd Usage from it's settled course—
 That commerce, he not only would restrain,
 From the West-Indies, to the Spanish main—
 But more, to flatter Spanish insolence,
 Against sound Policy and common sense,
 Their merchants who would at Jamaica trade,
 For British wares, with ready money paid,
 On pain of confiscation must retire—
 Forc'd from their moorings by the British fire—
 Ships, which once ruin'd France upon the main,
 Degraded into Guarda-coasts for Spain,

At home still blund'ring on and ill advis'd,
 Rough as it ran, the cyder he excis'd;
 Down go the trees; none drink the gen'rous juice,
 Who fear Excisemen on their farms let loose:
 He finds it raise less income than before,
 Resolving yet to try one project more.

With no new scheme his fancy long was rack'd,
 Out came the fam'd American stamp-act—
 It past the Houses, nothing so absurd,
 But they adopt it, at a Premier's word;
 Prerogative to favour this, comes down
 With the best jewel in the British crown;

D

That

That pow'r coercive sacrificing here,
Unshar'd before with commoner or peer ;
Both herds, for place and pension on the watch,
Might well at such a precious morsel catch :
Each landed man would save his own estate,
Yes, tax the Colonies, at any rate ;
Courtiers and country squires here club'd their votes
To cram yet crude the project down their throats.
None seem'd to think it worth a serious thought,
How bravely the Americans had fought;
Else prudence might have led them to desist,
For fear they should the mad attempt resist.
What politicians---had it been decree'd,
Some people else must taxes pay or bleed,
Hibernia nearer, at their mercy lay,
With no resource surrounded by the sea:
Both country's circumstances well might strike
Subject to navigation acts alike,
In manufactures cramp'd, in trade restrain'd,
The right to tax themselves alone retain'd
America to tax, and them exempt,
Was madness only in the bare attempt:
Strange new-found notions of supremacy
Infatuated them to that degree ---

They

They broke the charter'd rights, without remorse,
Of countries must'ring such internal force.

But Providence, who sees what man intends,
And still to good, his evil purpose bends,
Stir'd up the potent angel, who commands
From Massachusset's bay the new found lands,
To those rich fields which Mississippi laves,
Till in the Gulph she disembogues her waves;
Twelve princely Hierarchs his command obey,
Who o'er the isles, the main-land, and the sea,
To guard the Colonies, claim equal right—
And when war threatens—all their force unite.

Ready to counteract their dark designs,
In mail of proof, the warrior angel shines;
Then instant orders to each chief dispatch'd—
Careful, to see his frontier duly watch'd—
For Despotism, with intention fell,
Summons her legions from the pit of Hell—
Let each. prepar'd to check their inroads, arm,
And instantly the Colonies alarm—
Infusing, to support this doubtful strife,
The love of Freedom—and contempt of life.

They hear—and in celestial harness girt,
Due watches kept the mischief to avert;

Steeling

Steeling the breasts of those beneath their care,
With Fortitude, the worst of ills to bear,
Courage to face grim death with all the forms
Danger presents in battles and in storms.
Prudence to ward the stroke or else avoid
Justice, inflexible to either side.
Calm Temperance—to mod'rate their desires,
And love of Liberty, which last expires;
Till well prepar'd to stand the fierce contest
The sacred flame of Freedom fir'd each breast,
Ready at all events—when tidings came,
To counteract the Junto's taxing scheme.

Rememb'ring how they heretofore had fought
With troops new-rai'd and engineers self-taught;
The Colonists were not afraid to fight,
In vindication of their chartered right—
But cooler heads a middle way suggest,
Not with the mother-country to contest;
Concluding, were their usual imports check'd,
That odious tax would lose its whole effect,
Advising all, as Reason should enforce,
To wear their home-spun stuffs of fabric coarse,
And leave unenvied to the mother state,
Those Luxuries which ruin soon or late.

Great

Great was the plan, and in it's full extent
Adopted thro' the western continent——
What tho' the brutal soldiery invade,
That Fabrick destin'd for their infant trade ;
By this they understand its consequence,
And meditate an obstinate defence,
When matters ripe, for just resentment call,
Before such rude invaders seize their all.

Thus disapointed, Grenville finds his schemes,
Vanish'd at once, like incoherent dreams,——
Mad'ning with rage and shame he quits the helm,
While Britain's troub'ler seems to quit the realm,
All ranks his wretched managment deplore——
Wishing he ne'er may shame her counsels more.

To heal her bruises—and the breach to close,
A venerated band of Patriots rose——
Great Rockingham was with the first enroll'd——
Who, like Rome's Consul, in the days of old,
From Britain to avert th' impending blow,
His tillage left, and much-lov'd turnip-hoe——
Let shameless Simonburne, the minion's tool,
In Grubstreet style, such actions ridicule——
What gain'd the antient Cincinnatus fame,
Must grace the modern—— Facts are still the same.

Knaves

Knaves, fools, or madmen, which were they? or
all?

Who plac'd, and pension'd him, for such vile
scrawl.

Richmond, and Portland jointly undertook
The arduous task, with these that recreant Duke,
Who leaving such try'd friends in time of need,
Soon prov'd himself a slip of Charlises breed—

Dowdeswel as chancellor assists the peers—
Since Legge's disgrace, the best of financeers.
Conway, and Burke were on the Patriot list—
Few can the eloquence of Burke resist—
What time he pleads o'er Britain's mangled corse,
Points out her wounds and speaks till he is hoarse.

Could Cambden, unconcern'd, behold her bleed;
Nor join the patriot band in time, of need—
Quitting the pleas, where he presided chief,
With ardent zeal, he hastes to her relief.

O'er these, those wretched clerks, as spies were
plac'd,
Who Britain's councils have so long disgrac'd—
Jerry, the Junto's most subservient imp,
Now here, now there—by nature form'd a pimp,
A

A weighty office, heretofore unknown,
 He fill'd—tale-bearer gen'ral to the throne.
 Riggy, the jocund friend of wine, and mirth,
 Bacchus and Venus, mark'd his happy birth,
 Resolv'd his dear vice-treasureship to keep—
 Engag'd in all the Junto's measures deep.

Supple Sir Gibby, can his sails so trim—
 The wind from ev'ry quarter, serves for him—
 Nam'd in the closet to a wav'ring Peer,
 As qualified to white-wash foul Shebbeare—
 What need to mention each detested name,
 In Fame's black list, consign'd to lasting shame.

To dance the puppets, or to play the wires,
 Just as the master of the show requires,
 The son of Jenkins kept behind the scene—
 Known as the Minion's trusty go-between.

Link'd with this motly, het'rogenious race,
 The patriot band, scarce hop'd to keep in place ;
 Yet took their measures—finding all at stake,
 Resolv'd while time was theirs, short work to
 make :

That cyder-tax—the brat of Grenville's brain,
 No longer scares the Herefordian swain—
 Great Philips' ghost again to rest retir'd,
 Which walk'd the while, with indignation fir'd,
 And

And round about his favour'd Red-streak shade,
Among the dew-sprent grass, large circles made.

Their chief design, that quarrel to prevent,
'Twixt Britain and the Western Continent,
Is now brought on, and lies before the House—
Who lists may freely either side espouse
The Marquis would that mean advantage scorn
That Reason, should with votes be overborn;
No bullying courtier calls the house to clear—
What there is said, he wishes all to hear—
There Pitt, with wonder, strangers heard and saw,
Worthy to give Rome's virtuous senates law,
Hearken, his thunder—shakes Saint Stephen's
walls,

No noisy pensioner, the question calls;
While he, with bursts of native eloquence,
Appeals to Reason, Justice, Common Sense;
Each period that which went before excels
Now arguing—now his indignation swells;
Till shame for Britain o'erwhelms his soul,
Before his speech attains the destin'd goal:
Again he rising, re-assumes his thread;
Nothing too little or too much is said:
Louder on every ear his thunder breaks;
All stand aghast.—'Tis Liberty that speaks;

Who

Who only such an organ wish'd to find,
Pleading the cause of Freedom and Mankind.
Posterity will wonder to be told,
That while his periods thus impetuous roll'd,
Pale Grenville stood his action vehement,
Or once could offer at an argument;
But where in sober truth shall wonder cease?
Those who patch'd up an ignominious peace,
Who, bully'd or cajol'd by France and Spain,
Fram'd for their brethren this detested chain,
Carry'd Corruption's system to a height,
Which threatens now to crush them with its
weight,
Let Nabobs scape, whose crimes they dragg'd to
light,
Yet seiz'd the India merchant's charter'd right,
In that same house could heavier fetters forge,
Under the auspices of that same George—
Who, wherefoe'er the Minion was conceal'd,
Now acted wisely, and the law repeal'd.

These are not human blunders—to its date,
This Empire rushes, hurried on by Fate—
It must be so—for Commerce, 'tis confess'd,
With arts and Empire, point their course due
west—

E

Dear

Dear native country wilt thou not awake—
Oh! for a trump the universe to shake—
Thy better Genius hesitating stands—
Whether to fix upon those new found lands,
Or sleep secure in climates farther west,
Pillow'd on Freedom's lap, at Plenty's breast—
Not caring if the sons she leaves behind,
In manners grown degen'rate, as in kind,
Joint tenants of the wood, with wolves should
range—

Once more their grain for acorns to exchange—
As when Phœnician merchants heretofore,
Tracing with white-sail'd ships the British shore;
A waste wild continent this island deem'd—
Nor less to them the natives barb'rous seem'd—
Now sunk in sloth and ignorance they lye
Whose wares, like ours could ev'ry mart supply!
There — whence Religion caught the heav'n-born
ray,

To distant climates round dispensing day—
Where arts once flourish'd, and the breathing bust
Mark'd out the Heroe's or the Patriot's dust:
Blind Biggotry, and Superstition reign,
O'er slaves who howl beneath a despot's chain—
Where Ottoman with rigid rule commands,
To desert wilds reduc'd, once fertil lands.

Like

Like fate as these shall we expect to shun?
When all things fluctuate beneath the sun—
Rather from all the tokens which appear,
That change, with hasty strides, is drawing near.
Our greedy merchants e'er the poor was fed,
Have sold to other states his staff of bread—
Great men into their hands this game have play'd,
The very freight with public money paid—
Their rent-rolls hence amazingly have swel'd,
That pride and luxury might be upheld,
No hospitality observ'd, nor state——
Merit in want, rejected at the gate,
Pines o'er short-commons in the sordid shed,
Nor at the mansion-house, finds board and bed;
Where, if he treats, the ostentatious lord
Makes no one welcome to his splendid board,
Unless he is with Borough int'rest back'd,
And quotes the sporting-calendar exact.
Mean while, the useful wheels of Commerce
stand ;
The merchants, for their wares find less demand;
The Banker fails, the Drapers shut their shops—
Their orders cease, the manufacture stops—
The needy lab'rer finds his common seiz'd,
His cloze is taken, and his cottage raz'd ;

His

His only heifer pines, with udder dry,
Around the once full pail his offspring cry ;
That solitary penny in his purse
No milk can purchase, what witholds the curse ;
Shall it not rive their hearts, as hard as rock,
Who keep it from his babes to give their stock ;
What tho' the farmers, like the gentry live,
And ample fortunes to their children give,
Such ill-fav'd wealth in dissipation spent,
The landlord soon must have a double rent ;
And while Oppression stalks her stated round,
Those who ground others. in succession ground,
Shall find on them the public burthens laid,
Compell'd by law, to keep the poor they made.

Turn Muse thy eyes from that aproaching day,
Rather with Public-spirit wing thy way
To those rich plains for her retreat design'd,
Where yet Extortion has not learn'd to grind
Lo ! where the gallant Colonists unite——
And dare her persecutors to the fight ;
What if they should with impotence of rage ,
In that devoted town more soldiers cage,
Famine and sickness, more to be deplor'd
Within their lines than the Provincial sword,

Shall

Shall force them soon with curses to retire,
Like Bucaneers, to waste with sword and fire,
Lands, others clear'd, and cities others built!
Till they have fill'd the measure of their guilt.

The curse of ill-gain'd wealth, which ne'er did
good,
Has plung'd this Empire in a sea of blood;
Ah! did it only light on those who seiz'd
That treasure from the starving Hindoo squeez'd;
Or purse-proud Nabobs only had been rob'd,
Nor honest merchant's fortunes been stock-job'd.

To salve this sore, and find their tea a vent,
Whole cargoes were across th' Atlantic sent;
To trusty agents as a job consign'd,
Though bad of quality and coarse in kind;
Whereby the Junto cunningly contrive,
Again the odious taxing to revive;
Which once admitted as a president,
Might be establish'd in its full extent.

The Colonists by trusty friends advis'd
Of ev'ry step, were not to be surpriz'd;
Nor long consulted how they should proceed,
To be from this dilemma fairly freed,

E'er

E'er the discerning populace untied
That Gordian-knot, and had the chests destroy'd.

Was there for this a requisition made ?
Before unheard of laws had stopt their trade.
If Bolton, for her people's insolence,
Deserv'd to suffer, or refund th' expence,
How had Elizabeth in such a case,
With dreaded stamp look'd Faction in the face ?
What other sovereign in a case so clear,
Had sought advice from commoner, or peer,
When an embargo shutting up their port,
By one home stroke had cut the matter short ;
No charter broken, yet their pride laid low—
With all the empire's weight to urge the blow.

Was this a blunder, politicians say ?
Ye, who impatient for dispatches stay,
Ye who with greedy eyes and ears devour
In public rooms the whispers of an hour ?
No, 'twas the spight of Hell—to plague mankind,
When none the Minion's cunning countermin'd,
Hence Discord rose, the Furies dragg'd her carr,
Hallowing to slip the savage dogs of war ;
That we for his presumption might atone,
Who brought to Westminster the fatal stone ;

Let

Let he who will the legend ridicule,
But whoso yet is that egregious fool
As not to mark where all this bustle tends,
Who hate this contest, who and who are friends;
May yet experience e'er his head lies low,
Why things have all along been manag'd so,
Till life, estate, and high, and low degree——
Depend on right North-British courtesy.

Hide, hide! prophetic Muse the shocking
fight!

It brings back Chaos, and the reign of Night——
Rather to blunder on be still their lot——
And on the Colonies let loose the Scot——
His forward zeal the English soldier saves,
Famine and Sickness there have dig'd their graves;
What these survive, shall fly like hunted game,
Before the Rifler's well-directed aim;
Who at a length incredible almost,
Drops the patrol, or centry at his post.

Yet this, the Colonist's well-train'd Hussar,
Is but a prelude to their menac'd war——
Troops ev'ry where embattled take the field——
Such, with inferior force, made Dieckau yield.
Such that Virginian band, which boldly fac'd,
When mercenaries turn'd their backs disgrac'd.

Such

Such men reduc'd Cape Breton, heretofore—
 But for the mother country to restore—
 Success in equal fight would they ensure,
 Slight works at once their front and flanks secure,
 O'ermatch'd in numbers to the copse they take,
 And like wild Indians thread the tangling brake;
 To form a siege their lines are quickly made,
 Where each man handles mattock, axe, and spade
 Yet most they wish a bloody wreath to gain,
 With counted files upon the well-fought plain.

Men less resolv'd than these, and less prepar'd,
 Had suffer'd ev'ry consequence they fear'd—
 For, o'er th' extent of Massachusset's Bay,
 Grim Despotism stretch'd his iron sway—
 On Boston's neck his hand was heavier prest—
 That city, the emporium of the West,
 Mourns o'er her port shut up and ruin'd trade,
 On her long wharfs, rude soldiers now parade—
 No bus'ness is transacted at the quay,
 Where close in shore, the largest vessels lay.
 Transports, which on her strand arm'd numbers
 pour'd,
 By whom her people's bread must be devour'd,
 Yet under orders in the harbour stay,
 Worms pierce their timbers, but they must not
 weigh—

Those

Those ships which us'd their commerce to protect,
Full on her streets, their hostile guns direct;
The rich from such a shocking sight are fled
The poor, with haggard looks, cry out for bread;
Even the soldiers now begin to want;
And finding ev'ry day the mews more scant,
Desertion meditate — but here they find
Their quarters from the Continent disjoin'd;
While, on the passage which conducts to land,
Guards, on the patrol; all egress withstand,
Save where a centry from th' advanc'd redoubt
Towards the country keeps a sharp look-out —
Whom the Provincials, beck'ning with the hand,
Shew the full grange and villages at hand;
Off'ring a kind retreat, till he repairs
To where bright Liberty her standard rears;
Here all the Provinces as one unite.
Zealous to vindicate each charter'd right —
Well arm'd and disciplin'd a gallant train —
Yet peaceful in their districts they remain;
Hostilities unwilling to commence,
Like men who only stood on self-defence.

At last, the sanguinary order came,
Which blew the spark of discord to a flame —
Hancock and Adams, men of well-known zeal
Active in Congress, for the public-weal!

F

The

The soldiers must at all events secure—
And send them to the Junto—guarded sure.

Troops, for this purpose, during night embark,
Then land near Charlestown, while it yet was
dark :

Hence, under cover of the armed ships,
His dogs of war, their brutal leader slips—
Early their rout, to Lexington descried,
Alarms the country round, both far and wide—
The minute-men, for all events prepar'd,
Stood to their arms when the alarm was heard;
Others make ready, and their comrades join—
For action arm'd, to peace they yet incline ;
Nor take the field—each corps where it was
train'd,

Stood firm, by conscious innocence sustain'd.
Nor long stood thus—for lo ! a nitrous cloud,
Repeated flashes and explosion loud ;
And women, who with hair dishevel'd run,
Gave pregnant proofs the carnage was begun.

Finding by this, the fatal blow was giv'n,
The Colonists commend their cause to Heav'n;
Then haste to join their comrades, and sustain
Such as yet fight---- or to revenge the slain.

So from a range of hives, swarm after swarm,
Bees rush impetuous, on the first alarm;
Great soul'd, tho' small of bulk with nimble wings,
They give the onset, and unsheath their stings:
Whether they feast on that nectarious spoil,
From flow'rs collected, with incessant toil:
Or busy at their work, from cell to cell,
Enlarge the waxen city where they dwell,
Should hornets, or free-booter wasps intrude;
Or drones but late expell'd, a lazy brood:
If man, or beast, their labour should disturb,
Nothing their ardor for the fight can curb,
All summon'd to the charge, their foes surround
Fix where they can---and where they fix, they
wound.

So these, the bold invaders to repel,
Emulous each, to be the first that fell,
Rush from all quarters, till in order rang'd,
Fire is for fire, and shot for shot exchange'd.

Then Virtue saw, with agonizing throes,
Brethren, her once-lov'd sons, turn mortal foes!
Soft Pity fighting, swoon'd upon the ground!
Her tearful eyes Humanity cast round!
Charity look'd from Heav'n, with cordial love,
Peace shew'd her olive branch, and mystic dove
Vainly

Vainly held forth--for with her torch in view!
From rank to rank, that Demon Discord flew!
She stir'd up mortal feud, and fierce debate,
Relentless rage, and diabolic hate!
All Hell cry'd havock, from her depths profound!
While Death more grizzly, stalk'd his slated round!
At his grim looks, the mercenaries fled:
But left behind their wounded and the dead
Cruel as cowardly! to shun the fight,
And yet on the defenceless wreak their spight—
Percy advanc'd to the encounter rude—
Unlike that Percy, who the Scots subdu'd!
Forc'd to retire thro' policy, or fear—
With the Provincials thund'ring on his rear:
Nought check'd their ardor, but the fullen roar
Of cannon, echoed from the winding shore
Where the arm'd ships protect them, with their
guns,
While Britain's seamen execrate her sons!
They ran—with bullets whizzing at their ears!
Till interposing night expel'd their fears:
Doom'd thenceforth, in their lines to be outbrav'd:
And own the fleet alone—their army fav'd.

Not so the Colonists—to battle led,
By chiefs who fought for freedom, not for bread:
While

While all the Provinces, their strength unite ;
March to the coast and dare them to the fight.

Hostilities commenc'd—the mod'rate few,
Who held allegiance, yet to Britain due,
Still wish'd she might some happy mean devise,
To save her claims, yet give up the excise.

Two youths—their mothers joy, their father's
pride,
Some years before, had cross'd th' Atlantic wide :
Torn from their parents, and engagements dear,
Which love, or friendship had contracted here—
For soon on life's tempestuous ocean tost,
By Fortune's frown, their early views were lost :
Hence they resolv'd to seek a foreign clime—
Nor in neglect at home, consume their prime.

With prosp'rous gales—the ocean voyag'd o'er,
They landed on Columbia's far-stretch'd shore—
Where suited to each wish their prospects seem'd,
Carefs'd and trusted, honour'd and esteem'd—
But war in all its horrors! wasting wide!
The friendly intercourse of trade destroy'd—
Both were averse to join the stern debate,
Betwixt the parent and the daughter state—

This

This shock'd them — that, impolitic appear'd —
Louder the dismal din of war was heard —
At hand Confusion wild all order spurn'd;
Where Liberty was into licence turn'd :
When thus Pacificus his mind express'd,
The rising sigh ! at intervals suppress.

Unhappy states ! whom int'rests strange divide,
Deaf to the arguments, on either side —
Will peace by no just mediums be restor'd ?
That both appeal thus desp'rate to the sword —
Confusion seize that innovating crew —
Who in their zeal to strike out projects new,
For such a trifling income, could embroil
These happy Colonies, with Britain's isle.

'Tis well observ'd, Causidicus replies —
The blame yet partly on this country lies —
Some who could best in troubled waters fish,
Found these distractions answer to their wish —
Self-int'rest that sure source of ev'ry ill,
Urg'd them, with partial views, their stores to fill,
Then form committees to restrain the trade,
By which contrivance, double gains they made :
Men, who could rail at importation most —
Yet first encourag'd smugglers on the coast :

Boston

Boston in this, has shewn a precedent:
And ev'ry merchant, thro' the continent,
Who kept the non-importing clause she fram'd,
In the conclusion, found himself out-schem'd:
Her endless squabbles with the mother state,
First sow'd the noxious seeds, of this debate—
And if the rest had not their all at stake,
Well she deserves the consequence to take:
The old Republic leaven, yet unpurg'd,
Ferments in her—for her we must be scourg'd
From such mix'd governments distractions spring;
I hold those best, appointed by the King.

What you advance, Pacificus reply'd
By past experience, well is justified;
But let me lose no in'trest in your love,
If some of your conclusions I disprove;
For forms of government, who would contest,
Those best administer'd, are still the best;
Suppose the pow'r, so well in Britain poiz'd,
Is here, tyrannically exercis'd—
Where is the difference? if one Bashaw,
To pluder'd districts, makes his word a law:
Or if five hundred, void of common sense!
To tax this country, form the same pretence.

None

None were their dictates likely to obey:
I wonder not the people burnt the tea.

But who for this, a precedent can bring?
And property we own a sacred thing;
This is a ground I do not mean to quit,
Nor will, before I am convinc'd, submit:
This call'd for chastisement, 'twas this in short,
Produc'd the act, for shutting up their port;
Well they deserv'd to suffer for the job:
No better comes of letting loose the Mob!
But still with you, sincerely I lament,
Such squabbles should embroil the Continent.

Your reasons said Pacificus, have force,
But let us trace the evil, to its source,
Hold property as sacred as you will
Here Britain must be found th' aggressor still,
And those who find their property at stake,
In its defence, will each advantage take----
But hark! what sounds discordant grate our
ears!

It's the associate mob---my boding fears!
See where the tree of Liberty they rear,
And now their active scouts are drawing near:
Knowing to moderation we incline,
They will compel us with the first to sign,

To

To those who do not join them in the war,
They will apply the feathers and the tar.
Hence to abscond, we must find some pretence,
Or suffer all their brutal insolence.

My station, said the other me secures,
There will I shroud my head, take care of yours.
He said — and only look'd a kind adieu —
Then to his station up the country flew.
Little inclin'd to join the mob at hand ;
His brother hasten'd to the well known strand ;
And while conceal'd, on board a ship he lay,
The many-headed beast in search of prey,
Rang'd far and wide — the woods the winding
shore —

With distant hills re-echo at its roar.

Thus individuals in this fatal strife,
Must lose connections, liberty, and life!
While the united Colonies alarm'd
Like waves impelling waves, to Boston swarm'd.

First those who foil'd the mercenary bands,
Of courage try'd, bold Putnam these commands,
Brave Massachusset-men, a hardy breed,
Worthy their great ancestors to succeed ;

G

Who

Who Liberty of Conscience, long maintain'd,
 Till here a peaceful asylum they gain'd :
 Blest'd Independency they long enjoy'd,
 With planting and in husbandry employ'd :
 Where land with mod'rate tillage, year by year,
 Yields fruits for their support, and corn to spare ;
 Quitting their fertile fields, and well-stock'd farms
 From Belerica's source—they rush to arms :
 From Mystic, or where Charles's River winds----
 Then roll'd o'er rugged rocks, a passage finds,
 Skirting that Promontory to the sea,
 Whence Bunker's hill o'erlooks the subject Bay.

New-Hampshire, from the hills, her rangers
 sends,

Each man engag'd, upon himself depends—
 Bush-fighters all,---when ev'ry partizan,
 Behind a tree conceal'd, has drop'd his man----
 They spring from cover, to the open fight ;
 Swift to pursue, or save themselves by flight :
 Lands they possess well-water'd, by the rills,
 Whence Merimac his urn capacious fills ;
 A well-train'd body to support them march'd :
 Stout yeomanry thro' roads with trees o'er-arch'd :
Those

Those from the coast, where waves indent the
shores:

Or where the cascade, at Nantucket roars:
With these the volunteers, from Portsmouth sent,
By nearest routs to Cambridge camp they went,

Troops from Connecticut, and Providence,
Join at Nantucket-ford, and marching thence,
Take the same rout, with those from Newport
led;

Rangers in front, o'er all the country spread;
Collecting what the willing people brought,
Provisions, carriages, and teams for draught;
These to the camp, escort a gallant train;
Artillery, and shot, and nit'rous grain.

New-England thus, her muster'd force directs,
To where her standard, Liberty erects:
Not mercenary, train'd to fight for bread---
Brave infantry, with Putnam at their head:
Bold, circumspect, ingenious at resource,
And resolute his orders to enforce---
Instant he forms and executes a plan---
At once a gen'ral and a partizan---
Training his men, from day to day, in fight,
With equal numbers, he demands the fight;

When

When this they shun, for all their former boasts,
 On Boston neck, he takes convenient posts,
 From whence his Rifle-men their centries gaul,
 With added powder, and a well-aim'd ball:
 These awe their parties, till his works are made,
 Whence he in turn, their lines may cannonade.

Thy Myrmidons, O! Minion now behold!
 In Boston penn'd, like cattle in a fold!
 To send more succours will it aught avail?
 There suff'ring more, than felons in a Jail—
 In vain, the virtuous Colonists to awe,
 Thy gen'ral fulminates, with martial law—
 That cloud, alone upon their heads shall light,
 Who saw it gather, yet put off their flight—
 Poor souls! whom this fell Contest must oblige,
 To suffer more than usual in a siege!
 Detain'd as pledges, by the army's fears,
 Lest Putnam burns the town, about their ears—
 If the few soldiers left to man the line,
 Wasted with fluxes, and with famine, pine—
 If others, these appointed to relieve,
 Full-crouded hospitals must yet receive—
 Where eating gangrenes mortify a wound,
 Before the surgeon brings his dressings round—
 Where

Where foul contagion thro' the wards is spread,
And wretches scarce alive, bring out the dead —
Where shall the famish'd people food obtain —
Or whence, if sick, alleviate their pain.

Deploring present ills, and dreading worse,
In such extremities, they well might curse
Those hasty measures, and unheard of claims,
Which had reduc'd them to these dire extremes —
Did they not from the tow'rs and bulwarks see,
Brave citizens, determin'd to be free ;
Who each day, nearer their approaches brought,
From rank to rank, the martial ardor caught —
Armies well disciplin'd, and well supply'd —
Nothing concern'd fresh levies to provide —
Where all New-England, to support her friends,
Munition, men, and corn, and cattle sends.

Nor these alone, in Boston's quarrel arm'd —
From north, to south, by public-spirit warm'd,
The Provinces unite, with warlike bands,
To chase these rude invaders, from their lands,
The tools of Despotism stood amaz'd !
To see such armies, train'd, as soon as rais'd —
Scarce thinking them possess'd of each resource,
To march, as well as muster such a force —

Con

Concluding such a strength itself would spend,
 Without direction, to no certain end —
 But how did their astonishment increase!
 Order and unanimity took place —
 While Delegates, from ev'ry Province sent,
 Elected Hancock, for their president —
 Gen'rous disinterested, kind and free!
 Nay ev'ry way unlike that Double-fee ———
 Who rose from taking briefs on either side,
 As chairman at Saint Stephens' to decide,
 If Englishmen should cut each others throats,
 Whene'er the question came to even votes.

Ye bully'd, wheedled, pension'd, plac'd, and
 brib'd!

Look at this honour'd list, ye have proscrib'd!
 Hail Delegates! a venerable band ———
 In Congress met, oppression to withstand ———
 Be ever mindful of your sacred trust;
 And like your cause, may your resolves be just.

A people's safety, said the Sapient-King,
 Must from a well-establiſh'd council spring;
 And well their first resolves, on peace employ'd,
 The Sage's observation justify'd —
 When their petitions are of no avail —
 They trust in God — and to the sword appeal —
Leavin

Leaving their harbours, and unguarded coasts,
To the protection of the LORD OF HOSTS—
So that the captain of a sloop, could dare
A town to batter,—nor that Fabrick spare!
To God's immediate worship, set aside—
Shame on the wretches— who that wretch
employ'd.

Well might they with such petty insults bear,
When things of greater weight engross'd their
care—

To raise a paper credit, by their votes,
Current as gold---more so than some Bank-notes,
To name their Generals---shut up their ports:
Secure the Lakes, and their commanding forts---
Yet on the neck, at Boston, keep their post,
Were objects, which requir'd their notice most;
That all the world might judge, by one campaign,
Whether contending State, deserv'd to reign.

These things well settled, as their weight
requir'd;

All, to their ~~several~~ Provinces retir'd.
Rever'd by citizens, caress'd by friends;
While each from public cares his mind unbends:
Unless to settle, by decisions wise,
Whatever may in their departments rise,

While

While the commander and his bold colleagues---
 Appointed Gen'als not by court intrigues;
 But rais'd by merit to that eminence,
 Begin their operations to commence.

Brave Washington, as chief, his march began;
 Rais'd to that station from a private man!
 Who under Wade, a Cornetcy obtain'd,
 Too oft the highest rank, by merit gain'd---
 That corps reduc'd, nought offers worth his stay:
 Led by his better Genius, cross the sea.
 Whether by Heav'n directed, or by chance,
 To join Provincial troops, at war with France,
 His military skill, conspicuous shone---
 Nam'd with the first, and second now to none:
 America her trunchion, and her carr,
 Gives up to him, and all her menac'd war.
 Pickets precede his march, and pioneers,
 With forces from New York, brave volunteers,
 Virginian horse-men too, the honour shar'd
 Thro' the defiles, the gallant chief to guard.
 Wild in their woods, a passenger may reach,
 The juicy apple, and the downy peach---
 Those choicer kinds, which in their hedge-rows
 grow,
 From over-arching boughs, the highway strow---
 Cyder

Cyder from these, of other, autumns prest,
From the clear glass, smiles sparkling to a guest:
Hogs eat the refuse---such delicious meat,
That Epicures, might count the chine a treat.

Rangers and Riflers from attacks secure,
The chief to Cambridge camp conducted sure—
Where other generals, of courage try'd,
In the blockade of Boston were employ'd.
Their force in three divisions, these collect:
And the rude mercenary's inroads check'd.
Redoubted Putnam, Winter's-Height possess'd,
Ne'er known to give the foe a moment's rest;
O'er the Peninsula, advancing still---
He instantly entrench'd on Bunker's-Hill.

E'er well his works could stand a cannonade,
The mercenaries learn'd, by signals made,
That the Provincial lodgment near at hand--
Would soon, if finish'd all the town command--
Cowards when put to straights, will boldly face,
Much more, still brooding o'er their late disgrace,
The British troops for that sharp service nam'd,
Hasten'd to the attack—with rage inflam'd—
More confident, advanc'd the Grenadier,
Cover'd by ships, which lay at anchor near,

H

Who

Who point their metal, of the greatest weight,
 Full-ram'd with murd'rous shot to clear the height,
 That the Provincials, should they so incline,
 Would with uncommon risque, defend the line.

A signal now for the attack was made—
 Commencing by a furious cannonade;
 Guns roar, like spirits of the dark Abyfs—
 Which belching fire and smoak—alternate hiss—
 With hail of pond'rous shot! or spreading grapes,
 Death stalk'd the field, where Slaughter strew'd her
 heaps——

Under this terrible discharge, they form
 With grenadiers advanc'd, their lines to storm.
 Redoubted Putnam the attack withstands—
 Firm to receive them, with Provincial bands:
 Resolv'd the foe his works shall purchase dear—
 Tho' nothing worth the contest they appear;
 Where numbers e'er they storm, bestrew the plain,
 With half their foremost leaders maim'd or slain.

E'er these could quit the field, or those expir'd,
 Charelestown, upon their flank—the ships had
 fir'd;

The flames which with their works communicate,
 Compel the brave Provincials to retreat

While

While war exhibits those abhor'd extremes !
Troops storming trenches and a town in flames.
Some perish in the conflagration dire —
Others deplore their all consum'd by fire :
Shot from the ships mean while, the buildings
 'rase,
Which more and more communicates the blaze.

His soul was cas'd with steel, and tripple brass,
Who first fus'd metal from the oary mass —
Who urg'd the fuel, with a copious blast :
And those dire engines, of destruction cast !
Furnish'd with patterns by the fiends who felt,
He div'd presumptuous, to the pit of Hell----
Hell's Portress, as he past hoarse death-songs
 trol'd !

With snaky train, in ampler volumes roll'd.

By fire and these dire engines forc'd to yeild
Reluctant the Provincials quit the field :
Nor wish the soldiers, more such fights to gain,
Now they compute the wounded, and the slain.
Taught by experience thenceforth to lie still,
Whenever they remember Bunker's-Hill.

Scarce the Provincials, had this loss sustain'd,
E'er their protecting angels were conven'd —

To

To Philadelphia each directs his course—
 The Congress to defend from fraud, or force :
 Fate's mystic-scroll, before them open lay—
 When thus the chief of Massachusetts-Bay.

Subject, ye potent Thrones, by Heaven's decree,
 To my decisions have you been—yet free—
 But now, revolving Time his course compleats—
 To rule with equal sway these rising States :
 Till Commerce, from the other Hemisphere---
 With Arts, and Empire are establish'd here ;
 Following from earliest times the setting sun !
 Europe they leave, with Luxury o'errun :
 Oppression there, the good and virtuous goads,
 Till forc'd to settle in these blest abodes---
 Just laws, they in this country shall obey :
 Due mean 'twixt Anarchy and boundless sway.
 In vain brib'd Senates, German-troops engage !
 Vainly with thirst of pow'r, rude Despots rage ;
 Mad as the waves which with the rocks contend,
 And white with frothy foam, their fury spend.
 Embarking lo ! they come---a mighty host ;
 Prepar'd to burn the towns, and spoil the coast--
 Baffled their schemes ! Their navies tempest-tost--
 And still their trusted Clans shall suffer most.

That

That army too, at Boston captive held,
By famine, fire, and sickness thence expel'd;
No port for them but Hallifax remains,
Where half the waining year chill Winter reigns.
Nor here ordain'd to rest--- they put to sea,
Urg'd by the tools of arbitrary sway,
Who exercise in ships ideal pow'rs---
By none obey'd---amphibious governors!
Roving like pirates on the coast to seek
Water and wood, in any friendly creek,
And when their scant allowance, all is spent,
In impotent attacks their fury vent.

But who is this as by the Furies scourg'd?
With more than mortal indignation urg'd---
Who foaming, all for spight, Virginia braves---
Seizes her ships, emancipates her slaves---
Lands here, and there, his motly partizans,
Threat'ning the Carolinas with his Clans!

Soon shall they fall by the Provincial sword;
Nor he shall long maintain mock-state on board!
Caught, with his batter'd ships, on the careen!
Nothing their hulls can from destruction screen.
Thus baffled in his arrogant designs:
Half of his ships, he to the flames consigns:

To

To Staten-Island then his course directs ;
Where Howe, a formidable force collects.
His noble brother, an intrepid tar,
As ever fought a British man of war—
Distributes proclamations, void of course,
As wanting pow'r his mandates to enforce.
Mean time the troops arrive, and shatter'd fleet—
Which were on the attack, at Charlestown beat.

Long-Island next assailing with their force,
They land Chasseurs, with Hessians, foot and
horse ———

These, five to one, a corps advanc'd surround,
And murder half, while those their pieces ground!
Then threaten York—but if it is their prize—
There they may lie, cut off from all supplies ;
Nor shall they gain, by all the millions spent,
Another port, upon the Continent———

Thus he—explaining the decrees of Fate—
Mean while, the Congress sat in deep debate,
Concern'd as Senators in this contest,
To judge for their constituents, what was best :
But e'er their ultimate resolves they make,
Thus placid from the chair great Hancock spake,
Ye

Ye Delegates! who here in Congress sent,
Do this united people represent,
This honour as your President I claim—
Not actuated more with Freedom's flame—
But that your suff'rages as people free—
What others well deserv'd, confer'd on me—
This now emboldens me to speak my mind;
Still to the mean, 'twixt both extremes inclin'd.
Howe'er we for the struggle are prepar'd,
The mother-country's pow'r must be rever'd:
Rome in her rise, by wealthier states enclos'd,
Where much was to be gain'd and little lost—
Invaders might repel, or them invade,
But our advantages, depend on trade—
All have experienc'd since the war took place,
Our loss of Commerce, the result of peace!
Peace offer'd yet, may ev'ry wish compleat,
And close our breaches, with the mother-state:
To her, by strictest bonds of commerce ty'd,
Protected once, and still by blood ally'd—
Let us once more, our hardships represent,
And offer peace—perhaps she may relent.

He spake, when Adams in return reply'd,
I apprehend the breach is now too wide!

And

And those too wicked, whom we must address,
 From our petitions, to expect redress;
 Nothing for men, engag'd like us is left,
 Of all resources but our own bereft;
 But that our independance we assert,
 Or to the yoke submit, which Heav'n avert.

He said, when Dickenson, thus answering rose,
 The Junto, not the nation are our foes:
 Nor should we, till we bear the worst extremes,
 To independance urge our equal claims;
 For past experience, proves it nothing strange,
 Nations may suffer, by a hasty change
 And we, in this unchristian trade of war,
 May find our selves at last engag'd too far;
 Soon may the pow'r be wrested from our hand,
 The armies, if successful, to disband,
 For troops, when victors, seldom sheath the
 sword,
 When honest men wish peace might be restor'd.

'Tis ours as men, reply'd the President,
 To trust in God, and these effects prevent,
 Mean time a fresh petition let us send,
 But not the time in fruitless cavils spend,
 Redress refus'd us, when the die is cast,
 Our independant claims we urge at last.

Thus

Thus he, with action mild and placid look,
Then from the chair their suffrages he took.
Again they send petitions for redress —
Once more remonstrate, but without success;
To shut their ports, they now gave orders strict,
And farther trade with Britain interdict;
Resolv'd to push the war by land and sea —
Yet keep the troops on Boston-Neck at bay.
While the Provincials, with their Privateers —
The transports seize, which on the coast appears;
Whole fleets dispatch'd to that devoted town —
Carrying live stock, to make the war go down,
Driven by tempests to the Western-Isles —
Land their emaciate crews, worn out with toils.

Unactive yet the troops at Boston stood,
As fearful to unflinch a sea of blood:
But hearing Scots and Germans were engag'd,
That war in all its horrors might be wag'd,
Each social tie with Britain now dissolv'd,
Upon the storm of Boston they resolv'd —

Brave Washington, well pleas'd the summons
hears,
So an old warrior horse erects his ears,
Snorts in the foremost rank and paws the ground,
Neighing in concert to the trumpet's sound.

I

Instant

Gath'ring fresh strength—from street to street
devours—

Nor men, nor enginry its rage o'erpow'rs—
Wild thro' the streets affrighted people run—
There in the fate involv'd, they fought to shun!
Where missive hail descends of iron shot—
Some ere the charge was ramm'd, were glowing
hot—

On the long wharf, and on the grand parade,
Where people throng'd—and merchants met to
trade,

Bombs light and burrough, op'ning chasms wide;
O'er these the citizens, from either side;
Hailing each other, ask who yet survives;
Not for a moment certain of their lives!
Curs'd by the soldiers, they in turn exclaim,
To Heav'n and Earth, and on the war cry shame!
Then stand aghast! as in the day of doom!
And when Night wraps the scene with dismal
gloom!

The prince of darkness summons ev'ry spright,
Which during life, in mischief could delight:
These urge despair, and to the guilty soul,
Present its secret sins, a bloody scrol!

Death

Death marks the moment when his bow to bend
Hov'ring unseen, where clouds of smoke ascend:
He snuffs the carnage o'er his heaps of slain,
And triumphs, not a shaft is loos'd in vain.

There wanted but, to finish Boston's fate,
And make her people's misery compleat,
A gen'ral storm—Upon the hostile strand,
Columbia's Genius snatch'd the flaming brand---
But e'er the city is consign'd to flames,
Thus from the cliff on Dorc'ester-Height exclaims.

Inhuman parent, now my coasts invade,
Shut up my harbours, and distress my trade—
These tokens of our kindred I disclaim,
Tho' glorying once in that much honor'd name,
It was not so, when tutor'd at thy side,
In well-fought fields, we humbled Gallic pride:
Dost thou for this, rude mercenaries hire,
My lands to ravage, and my towns to fire?
For this, was the Canadian biggot arm'd?
To damp that ardor thy example warm'd,
Take, in return for thy tyrannic schemes,
This just revenge---Extremes produce extremes.

So saying, thrice the hostile brand she wav'd,
But anxious yet that Boston might be sav'd;

With

With face averted from the shocking fight !
She hesitates the fatal fires to light.
Intrepid Howe, the lifted torch espy'd---
Honour and shame his purposes divide---
But resolute his orders to fulfill----
And keep the fortrefs in possession still,
Fresh Hecatombs, to check the fatal fires !
Wait under arms---Such victims Mars requires.

They hear the fatal order, unsurpriz'd,
With death and danger now familiaris'd.
For posts of danger officers contend---
Wishing by honour'd deaths their toils to end---
Famine and sickness more concern'd to shun,
Than the mask'd battery, or the rifle-gun,
Such torpid apathy their souls had steel'd,
The carnage to forget, at Bunker's field---
Where facing cannon British vet'rans form'd,
And saw their leaders fall, before they storm'd.

Determin'd thus, toward the beach they hie---
Prepar'd alike, to conquer or to die ;
Nor suffer, while from Boston they retreat---
Disgrace more shameful than the worst defeat.

Now eager to embark, the beach they gain---
But He who walk'd the waves and fill'd the
main,

Lets

Lets loose the winds, which subject to his sway,
Blow full in shore, and tempest all the bay ;
That shore beneath their feet a quagmire made,
Which just before scarce yielded to the tread.
No soldiers who embark can hope to live,
Nor ships can to the troops assistance give :
Here urging the attack to lasting shame,
Intrepid Howe had but consign'd his name ;
At once he from a brother's brow had torn
Those laurels, which so well his rank adorn :
And that brave brother's monument defac'd,
A grateful people to his mem'ry rais'd.

Back to the town reluctant they retire—
Check'd by the storm, and the Provincial fire—
With frost benumb'd, with sickness sore oppress'd,
While meager Want their board yet scanty mels'd,

Another charge, the chief now meditates—
Mad'ning with rage — yet deedless he retreats—
Scarce hoping now his station to maintain
At Bunker's-Hill — which cost such heaps of slain,
The dear-bought purchase of a long campaign.

Compell'd with the Americans to treat—
Which far more shameful seem'd than a defeat—

Stern

Stern Mars now bids his bulls suspend their roar,
While fugitives croud frantic to the shore ;
Who proudly set their feet on Boston's neck,
Hoping to thrive, amidst the gen'ral wreck.
Commissioners, who could by pimping rise,
With all that locust-brood of the Excise----
Judges new nam'd, the Provinces to awe,
With strenuous advocates for martial law----
Venders of stamps, and agents for the tea,
Haunted with Freedom's spectre, night and day,
And vile informers--her invet'rate foes,
In rueful plight the motly train compose ;
Expecting for their conduct in the war,
That hated brand, the feathers and the tar.

These first from such impending fate secur'd,
Were in the transports as in jails immur'd :
Mean time the troops by ev'ry method try,
The stores, and the artill'ry to destroy.
Then haste on board, nor half the task perform,
For now the Colonists, in act to storm,
Were taking measures to attack the fleet,
And from the harbour cut off their retreat.
Necessity which will no law admit,
Urg'd them at last the fatal port to quit :

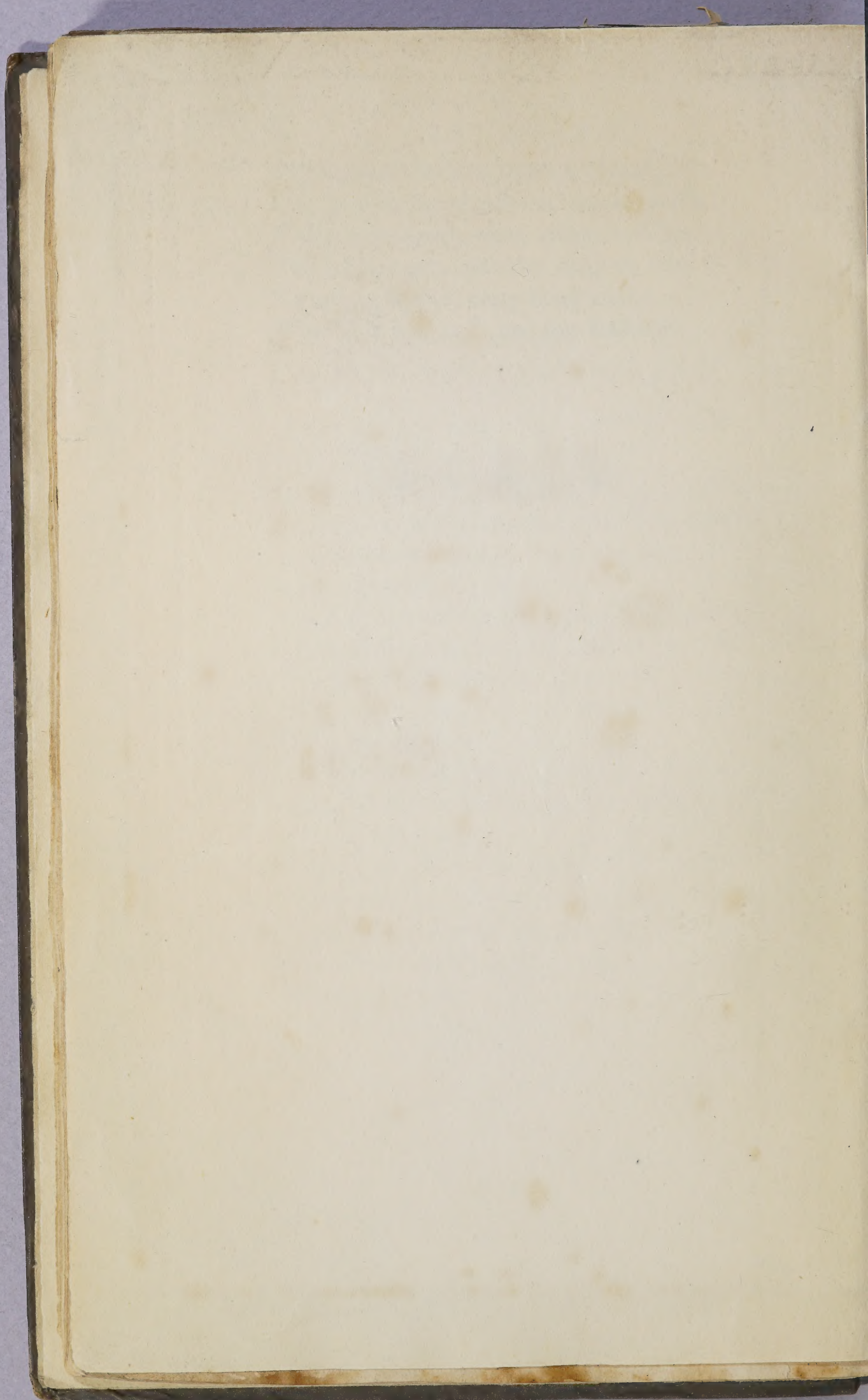
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With few provisions left, and stores ill stow'd,
They join each other in Nantasket Road ;
To rude March Winds expos'd, a certain prey,
And destitute on a tempestuous sea.
Back on the town they look with wild amaze,
Where Liberty her honour'd flag displays.
Aloft in air the banner she unfurls,
And to the fugitives defiance hurls.

F I N I S.

N. B. As the Author set the types and corrected the fore-
going piece himself, the public are requested to excuse any
inaccuracies, which are easily corrected by the obvious sense
and nature of the subject.



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